

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Attractions Except the Park Give Way to the Interest in Politics.

George A. Barker, a character-comedian of excellent ability, who has successfully played "Grimes" in "Beach of Keys," and was the original Old Soldier, in "Mugg's Landing," and Miss Maud Leigh, a soprano, who is well known, will play at the Park Theater all this week (and it will be the only theater open in the city) in "Fair Play," which is eloquently described on the bills as being "positively the greatest sensational comedy drama ever presented on any stage." The story of the play is located in the far West, and tells the adventures of a young girl who has been defrauded of her rights, but finally regains them after many perilous adventures. This part is played by Miss Leigh, who assumes various disguises and characterizations. Mr. Barker plays a comedy part for which he is well fitted, and between the two of them much fun and excitement are produced. The play is the joint production of Mr. Barker and the well-known sensational actor, Frank I. Payne. It has met with much success on the road. In the company supporting Mr. Barker and Miss Leigh are Mr. Len Wheaton, Mr. Martin James, Charles E. Fisher, Eugene Douglas, W. B. Edson, Miss Mollie Edson, Miss Roy Barrett, Little Jessie Hammond and others. In the play they introduce specialties and musical features. The engagement begins to-morrow afternoon.

The Eden Musee will have one of the greatest curiosities before the public, this week, in little Baby Edison, a child twelve months old, that actually weighs less than two pounds. As a diminutive specimen of humanity, alive and well, it has never been equaled. It was born in Chicago a year ago, and has been on exhibition there almost constantly since, attracting thousands of visitors, especially ladies, who flock to see it. There will be various other new curiosities at the Eden Musee this week, and all will be on exhibition afternoon and evening. It is proving to be a very popular place to visit.

Gossip of the Stage.

Penny Louie Buckingham is going to do "Mazepa" again, with W. B. Pettit, her husband, formerly of this city, as her manager.

Ralph Delmore will next week leave the "Mr. Delmore" company, to create the title role in "The Fugitive," to be produced at Boston, Nov. 12.

The new farce-comedy, "Zig-zag," is a great success in New York. The comedy to see it is larger than the theater can hold, and it has made a great hit. Frank Tanshell wrote it.

It is said that returning from London Mary Anderson will require thirty-six packing trunks to take it all in. Mary is, therefore, with many packing trunks a greater artist than when she first went to England.

"The Stowaway" has leaped with a bound into popularity. The burglary of a real estate by a young couple, one of the features that, while startling to the moralist, is yet deeply interesting to the average man, woman or child.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater Company played to nearly \$10,000 the first week in Boston. The company will open at the Lyceum theater on Nov. 12, when E. H. Southern, in "Lord Chumley," will commence his tour at the Lyceum theater, Boston.

Clara Morris began her theatrical life in Cleveland, O., where she was employed in cleaning the theater, and appearing at night in the extra ballet, for which slight histrionic effort she got \$6 a week. She worked her way up by degrees until Augustin Daly saw her, and then she began to go famous.

With the election excitement at an end, the city theaters, next week, will begin to have a number of very strong attractions. The first of these is Mrs. Langtry, who plays the first two nights of the week at the Grand, in "As in a Looking-Glass" and "Lady of Lyons," followed by N. C. Goodwin, the latter part of the week, in "The Double Bill."

The big production of "Under the Polar Star," by David Belasco and Clay M. Greene, will be given at Niblo's Garden for a run through Easter. This will be the first regular production that this house will have this season. The cast will include many metropolitan favorites, although it is said the leading lady will be a London favorite, with whom negotiations are now being made by cable.

Gillette & Hayman's big spectacular production of "She," which opens the regular season at the Fourteenth-street theater, Nov. 12, will have David Belasco, the author of "The Wife" and "Lord Chumley," as stage director, and Paul Glavich, of Palmer's Theater, as scenic artist. Miss Laura Clements, who plays the title role, has just returned from Europe. The new production of this play will cost \$15,000—so it is said.

"A Legal Wreck" hold on New York city seems to be permanent. The play, which is now approaching its one-hundredth night, is said to have already cleared nearly \$15,000 for Wm. Gillette and A. M. Palmer. The tour of that play will cover nearly the entire cities which have been visited by Mr. Palmer's stock company. Mrs. Burnett, the authoress of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is one of "A Legal Wreck's" strongest admirers.

LIVING IN HOTELS.

One Way of Spending Large Income—People Grow Richer and Lazier.

Philadelphia Record.

Living in fashionable hotels costs a princely fortune, and the amount of money that is spent in this way by the people of Philadelphia in a year seems incredible. The rich young man who has so much of the worldly goods that he does not know how to spend his income resorts to the hotel to eat it up at a gulp, and the most fabulous prices are paid for a choice suite of two or three rooms. Rich people seem to be tired of the tedium of housekeeping, with its innumerable cares and petty annoyances, and are resting themselves in quiet ease in hotel life. It has been ascertained that about one-third more people are at present eling out with a bath attached. The cost of this suite would pay in addition for their meals from \$40 to \$70 per week, or from \$2,000 to \$3,500 a year.

In the aggregate the high-priced hotel board with a suite of rooms in his case would cost \$13,000 a year for the European style of living. The more economical boarder pays from \$50 to \$60 a week for the choice room he occupies, or \$2,000 per year approximately. Add to this the cost of his meals, and his year's boarding would take the core out of \$5,000. A suite of rooms on the American plan is none the less expensive.

The general of Philadelphia boarders follow the American style. The great objection they seem to find to this manner of living is the sameness of the meals which usually prevail at hotels. A suite of two rooms on the American plan, including board, costs from \$300 to \$350 per week, or from \$10,000 to \$12,000 for the year for two occupants. A proportionate increase of price is added if there be a greater number of occupants. The number of rooms usually taken in a suite generally is two, although a suite of three is very common.

In apartment residences, or flats, the cost of living, while not so expensive as the other two styles, nevertheless eats the fat out of a good round income. In such places a suite of three rooms costs from \$250 to \$300 per month, or from \$3,000 to \$3,600 a year. The added table expenses for two occupants would amount to \$7 a day at least, or about \$2,500 per year. The cost of board of living for the year would be \$5,000 to \$5,500.

The expense of boarding in hotels in New York is fully 25 per cent. greater than in Philadelphia. A suite of rooms and board that would cost \$10,000 a year in this city would run up to \$12,500 at least in New York city.

Hotel people are very peculiar about the style and location of their rooms. They commonly object to rooms on the eastern side of the building, because the sunbines in the morning would disturb their prolonged slumbers. They invariably prefer the south side of the building, so that the sunbines will always strike their rooms to the afternoon. No clerk can satisfy them with a room on the northern side, for that would be undesirable. The corner rooms are most desirable, but the competition for unique, cozy little rooms is always great, and their rental price is accordingly high, ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year.

Inside rooms or dark rooms are the least desirable of all, and that is the sole reason of the hotel clerk's valuable system of argument and debate, by which he proves with a placid face the greater healthfulness of the latter.

Hotel clerks are longing for that blissful day when a hotel may be built which would have all of its rooms on the corner ones, full of nooks and crannies and facing the setting sun. Wine bills, bell boys' fees and waiters' tips would then increase the fabulous hotel bills, and hotel life would be an elysium of luxury. Such a consummation would be held, the hotel clerk ever radiant with beaming smiles.

ODDITIES OF ALL KINDS.

A herd of swine got drunk eating grape pomace on a ranch in Marin county, California.

Price Cywood, of Sullivan, Ga., found a vicious little rattler in a head of cabbage he was cutting.

New Jersey turns out nearly 37,000,000 yards of ribbon a year, or about 22,731 miles if stretched out in a single line.

The tanning of box constrictor skins forms a branch of industry in Hamburg, N. J. They are made into pocketbooks principally.

The report comes from Senefmor, W. T., that earwigs are so plentiful about the city that they can be caught in a week to supply the whole United States.

The pear and apricot yield at Orange, Cal., this year, was so great that a rancher used six hundred feet of lumber to prop the trees on a 21 acre lot, and even then they broke down.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer gets to 64 below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go 122 lower and come out on top.

A red beet, twenty inches long, five and one-half inches in diameter and seven inches in circumference, and weighing nine and three-quarter pounds, has been raised by a Georgia farmer.

The Chinese gardeners of Phoenix, Ariz., have taken a hand in boycotting. They supply all the vegetables used in the town, and have refused to sell to any restaurants that display signs of "No Chinese employed."

James Hogaboom, of Wauson, O., raised in his garden on Oak street, on sandy soil, a radish of the long red variety, which is two feet long and twenty-one inches in circumference, the total length including top, is fifty-four inches.

A new use has been found for photography. A day or so since a row occurred in New York in which one of the combatants was badly bruised. He had his wounds photographed before they should have time to heal, and when the case came up he was to show the extent of his injuries at the time they were actually received.

During high water in the Savannah river William Arnow, a negro, went fishing. His line became entangled in a tree, and he climbed up to free it. The high water had loosened the roots, and the weight of William toppled the tree into the river. He hung on, and managed to secure a firm seat in the branches, and thus floated down stream two hundred miles before he was rescued.

A raft of piles destined for Boston has been built at Norfolk, Va. It is in six sections, strongly bound together, and the piles in each section are securely fastened with wires. The whole raft will be six hundred feet long with twenty-three feet beam, and a draught of seven feet, so that it may go through the canals from Norfolk to New York, whence it will be towed to Boston by sea.

An ox belonging to Col. C. C. Dunnean, of Houston county, Georgia, while grazing in a field near Big Indian creek, was a little surprised when an alligator caught hold of his tail. Then ensued a rough and tumble scuffle, which ended only when the ox's tail was bitten off by the alligator. The reptile returned to the water, and the ox stomped off over the plantation, bellowing at every jump.

A Clairville (Ga.) druggist recently captured a young snake, to which he has been giving a certain amount of whiskey every day. At first his snakeship did not take kindly to the beverage, but of late has shown a decided hankering after it. When given all it can drink it rolls around on the floor and performs a number of odd antics, clearly proving that the glorious privilege of getting drunk is not denied to even snakes.

About eleven miles from West Superior, Wis., where the Eastern Minnesota railroad passes over a bed which is supposed to be quicksand, a "sink-hole" has caused great damage. Traffic on the road is not interrupted, but the expense of repairing the grade daily is great. The locality presents the appearance of having been shaken up by an earthquake; trees have fallen to the ground with roots exposed and the earth is marked with cracks, which seemingly grow wider every day.

In Montana a snake was discovered which could imitate the whistle of "Bob White" with ease. While it was under surveillance it crouched in the long parake grass and emitted the call as often as any partridge could. Continuing efforts it it could imitate the whistles of a number of other birds, and a moment later a young partridge alighted almost at its mouth. Quick as a flash it sprang upon its victim: there was a momentary flutter of wings, a stray feather or two, and then the snake had vanished, leaving the bird to follow him.

J. W. Roberts, of Atlanta, Ga., has a remarkable family. He says: "There were thirteen children in all, five boys and eight girls, and every one is alive to-day, and have families of their own. Three of my sisters married three brothers of the Shiloh boys. There are some fifty grandchildren. Another strange thing about the family is this: Two of the grandchildren are married, and yet there is not a single gray hair in my mother's head, and my father is just as spry right now as any son he's got."

Fishing by artificial light is not a new thing, but the way some fishermen along the coast of Maine are using the electric light is new. The old way is to plunge an incandescent lamp into the water, the connection being made by a source of electricity on board the fishing vessel, and the mains to the lamp often get foul of the fishing tackle or the cable of the vessel, destroy the fish, and, however, chrome alkali is adopted a better way by adopting a lamp work by a primary battery, the whole of which can be thrown overhead and regained when the trip is ended. The battery consists of six Bunsen cells, which, however, chrome alkali is placed instead of nitric acid, formerly used. The cells are connected in tension with a 12-volt Edison lamp. The success of the experiments lately had presages the general adoption by the coast fishermen of this new discovery.

Indiana Certain for Harrison.

The correspondent of the Chicago Times, Democratic, writes in that paper of Friday: "Any one who reads in this issue of the gleaming accurate political information, divesting himself as nearly as may be possible of political bias and trying earnestly to impartially give the facts, will find the statement and comments of Democrats and Republicans alike is almost forced to the conclusion that the general drift is in favor of the Republicans. I came into the State with a contrary opinion, but I shall leave it to a decided and settled fact that Indiana will cast her electoral vote for Harrison and Morton next Tuesday."

To sum up, then, the Republicans will, I think, gain largely from the young voters; that the excess of actual changes is in their favor, and that their organization is the best; that State issues are as much in their favor as they are in favor of the Democrats in Illinois; that having a presidential candidate from their State is a good many votes in their favor, and that they have gained from the soldier vote. In favor of the Democrats may be set down a preponderance in financial resources and the damage done to the Republicans by the prohibitionists. The excess over is on the side of the Republicans, and I think it will give the State to Harrison by about the plurality I have indicated."

Democratic Horror Over Dudley's Letter, Chicago Tribune.

Whether Colonel Dudley advised anything more than a permissible effort to influence the election is not yet established, but nothing could well be more ridiculous than the simulated horror and indignation of the Indiana Democratic leaders and managers over the Dudley letter, that party automatically and openly bids for the loss of the State in the coming election, and Indiana at any price, and imports repeaters and election cheats from Kentucky and other States. Tried and trusted Democratic campaign managers are now wearing tin plates in the penitentiary, and others are at large because Democratic jurors would not vote to convict them on plain evidence. Clearly the Democratic wrath and horror in Indiana spring from Dudley's suggestion that the Democrats should be made to lavish their corruption fund on their own men, instead of using it to get floating voters.

Cleverer Than He Thought.

New York Epoch.

He was young and inexperienced, and as he struggled to climb the ladder, he was disappointed. Drawing a beautiful solitaire diamond engagement ring from his pocket, he tremblingly placed it upon her tapering finger.

"Is it too large, Miss Lulu?" was all that he could utter.

"A trifle too large, Mr. Sampson," Miss Lulu shyly replied, "but I can have it fitted the first thing in the morning."

—James Whitcomb Riley, in November Century.

"Monst' the Hills o' Somerset."

"Monst' the Hills o' Somerset
Mish lwa a roamin' yed
My feet won't get used to
These low lands I'm troppin' through.
Wish I could go back there,
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there.
Wish I could set eyes on my mom
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the early dawn,
Up the slopes at low grewed on
Nictet as the violet
'Monst' the Hills o' Somerset!"

How 't'd rest a man like me
Jos' bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and fetch me there—
Sate my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinkies I ust to love
And a havin' o' ever breeze
With mist hints o' mulberries
And May anises from the thick
Bottom lands along the creek
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,
'Monst' the Hills o' Somerset!"

Like a livin' pictur' things
All come back: the blue bird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory to it kill
In the orchard, Jay and blue
Ripens the first pears for me
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean forgot it, time and care,
"Rick heart," and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I forget
'Monst' the Hills o' Somerset!"

Middle-aged—to be edict,
Very middle-aged, in fact—
Yet chinkin' back to them,
In the same wild boy again!
There's the dear old home once more,
And there's a mother at the door—
Dead, I know, for thirty year,
Yet she's singin', and I hear.
And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
And Ben, comin' up the lane,
Dusk a-fallin', and the dew,
"Pears like it's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Monst' the Hills o' Somerset!"
—James Whitcomb Riley, in November Century.

To-Day.

[A tribute to the memory of Mr. Oliver P. Morton, who passed away Nov. 1, 1877, the anniversary of which is annually observed by his family and closely intimate friends.]

To-day,
In every tone of the moving breeze,
In every hue of the fall-clad trees,
In all the sighing
Of summer's dying,
Of leaves away,
Of air playing,
Of lighted leaf,
Of lone heart grief,
Cometh holy memories.

To-day,
With reverent hands we lift the curtain,
And peer beyond the night uncertain,
From earth to the skies,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
Through all the great State's loyal van,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From out mortal gloom,
And watches keen
Where the loved sleep
In peaceful rest,
In Godhood bled,
Chanting loving litanies.

To-day,
The love of comrades and praise of man,
Doth the land inspire
With his spirit's fire,
That sprang to birth,
From